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An American War Book

(MY LUSITANIA MEMORIAL)

BY

SOL. L. LONG

(FOUR GENERATIONS AN AMERICAN)

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FOREWORD.

The war in Europe is but another phase of the history-old—world-old—contest as to which is to be paramount—the creator or the creature—man, or the work of his hands—the individual or the State.

Regardless of all that may be said—even their own explanation—the Allies, in essence, stand for the principle that ALL, from the least to the greatest, have brought about that which is called "civilization" and that the development of the same depends upon ALL.

The Prussian ideal, which opposes that of the Allies, is one which rests upon the saying of Pilate: "What I have written I have written," and if change be made it must only be upon the word, whim, caprice, of one man.

The chief analogy we have to the Prussian ideal, in this country, is the blind worship of "precedent" in legal circles.

Blind worship—any worship—of "precedent" has its roots in the Baltic bogs; from whence came the Prussian to excite the world's pity and tolerance by reason of his stupidity and through such excitation "win to "Pity's Eminence"—an eminence which is of grace—not merit nor desert.

It is one of the strange and unexplainable matters of history that the Prussian has won to any eminence whatever; save and except along menial lines.

His stolidness—his stupidity—his Chauvanistic buffoonery—his egoism—his utter lack of an appreciation of relative values, mental or material, should have precluded him from any sort of recognition, along any line of human action or endeavor, by any outside his own class.

Perhaps the explanation of the recognition he has obtained lies in that, in the reaction from the 16th century, paganized, theology, the crass materialism of the Prussian offered (seemingly) a soft place to light.

Prussian ideals are as dangerous to democracy as fire is to a powder mill.

Take our own country, and wherever Prussian ideals have been at all, or, approximately, in the ascendancy, the community has died ethically; the municipality has been corrupted commercially and the State has been debauched politically.

Ethnologically no one knows where the Prussian belongs. Ethically he is just as much of a mystery. That he is neither pure Teuton, nor pure Slav is evident. The

theory that he has a Mongolian strain in him would be acceptable to anyone who has a low regard for Mongolians. Having a high regard for the Mongols I cannot accept this theory. My opinion is that the Prussian is *siu generis*. In view of his peculiar ideals and mental trend I cannot, as to him, accept the theological or the Darwinian theory.

I will be accused of insulting some of my fellow citizens and be told of the "admirable thrift" of those same citizens. To such accusers I will say that, as an offset to "admirable thrift" I place the "delectable" Prussian brewery system of our country; the "desirable and frugal" Prussianized distilleries; which dominate and corrupt the politics of all our northern states and the "admirable" saloon system that curses our municipalities, north and south.

For every penny we have gained by reason of "Prussian thrift" we have paid out ONE DOLLAR, in cash, and lost millions of manhood and womanhood; by reason of the Prussian ideal, which is the bulwark of the liquor and saloon interests of this country.

Look over a list of names of persons attending a liquor dealers' convention—go down the street of your own town and read the names on the saloon windows and then tell me I am biased or prejudiced—if you have the nerve to do so.

The Prussianized breweries and saloons of this country would be sufficient to call for a more severe indictment of the Prussian ideal than language can convey; but, personally, I must add to it murdered Belgium and the dastardly assassination of two of my best friends, Elbert and Alice Hubbard, who went down on the ill fated Lusitania.

After all, Providence seems to have a confirmed habit of looking after the affairs of men and of taking a hand when their strength and wisdom fails. When this present war is over and Prussia and her ideals are relegated to the a justly deserved oblivion, Prussians will have plenty of time to set down and revise and add copious footnotes to their self esteem—and it is to be hoped that the revised edition of "Prussian Gall and Effrontery" will be read on this side of the water, as well as learned by rote on the other side.

SOL L. LONG.

2120 Troost Avenue,
Kansas City, Mo.
July 17, 1915.

P.O. 20

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N. B.—I have dated and placed the matter herein in the order of its production. I have placed them thus because I wanted to and for the further reason that any reader, who has so much as been vaccinated with Prussianism, may read them and not get brain congestion. One on whom Prussian vaccination has taken would not understand any sort of explanation—therefore none is given for this class of insects.

GOIN' TO A CLEANIN'.

She is goin' to a cleanin'—and she needs it, for she's dirty.
She is goin' to a cleanin'—that swelled-up "Fadderland."
She's been a-biddin' for it, for years nigh onto thirty,
And she's surely goin' to it, to the music of the band!

She's goin' to a cleanin', and the Frank, and Slav, and
Briton.
Will give her all her "needin's"—they have long been
overdue.
She'll wish she had remained at home, attending to her
knittin',
Her weiniewurst and saurkraut, her cheese and "special
brew."

She is goin' to a cleanin', as another vindication
Of the old, but truthful, saying: "Pride goes before a fall,"
And when the wash is on the line the entire German nation
Will have received a treatment for a large, ingrowing gall.

She is goin' to a cleanin', with her stolid, sullied, effrontery,
She is goin' to a cleanin', with her chauvanistic boasts;
And there'll soon be rambling round, in that super-heated
country,
Some "hock der Kaiser" immigrants—some bran new Ger-
man ghosts.

Alton, Ill., Aug. 6-14.
(Midnight.)

WAR NEWS.

"I am for war!" said the Austrian king,
And the Servian monarch said: "Just the thing!"
Said William, the bluffer: "I'm on der ving,
To smash dose Parley Voos.
Been waitin' for dis, mein happy chance,
To gallop mein army ridt into France,

Undt make dose sons of frog eaters dance,
"Till dey vear oudt all deir shoes."

Then the Austrian king got into the game,
And the Servian monarch did the same,
And he with the Hohenzollern name
Said to the Baggage-man:
"Voke up here, Hans, undt lissen to me;
Sheck dose suidt cases to gay Paree;
For I goes meinself to dose town, you see,
To hung on der French der can——"

The Austrian king got over the line
And the Servian monarch said: "You are mine!"
But Bill kept hiking down the Rhine,
On his way to gay Paree——
But if ever he reaches his coveted goal,
It will be as a disembodied soul,
And "steen" hours after the last bells toll
Sundown in Eternity.

Alton, Ill., Aug. 6-14.
(Midnight.)

THE BELGIANS ARE STARVING—WHY?

(After reading a placard bearing the legend: "The
Belgians Are Starving.")

It is not the coin of a wasteling's wage;
Nor the sheaf of a slothful hand;
It is not a misspent youth's old age,
Nor the spite of a sullen land.
Their land has given no miser dole
And kind has been their sky;
Yet, the bells of famine toll and toll,
For the starving Belgians—why?

It is not because they had won the smiles
Of the harlot of gain and greed;
For she still tents, down the east-spun miles,
With the pack of the were-wolf breed.
As the honest live they have lived their lives;
That they might, like the honest, die;
But they, and their children, and their wives,
And their old, are starving—why?

It is not that their backs are 'gainst the sea;
Nor that their defense, unplanned,
Will give them place in history
As the largest little land!—
A parchment hedge is a sorry shield
With an alien, whose national lie
Is a pride of home and a boast afield—
And the Belgians are starving—why?

Buffalo, N. Y., to Boston Mass.
Nov. 18, '14.

THE CRISIS CALL.

(On reading a placard bearing the legend: "Your King
and Country Calls You.")
Your King and Country call you; once again must hearts
of oak
Bulwark the van of progress, as they've bulwarked in the
past;
Lest our body of ideals on the vandal's wheel be broke—
Lest our fair sky of achievement be a century overcast.

Your King and Country call you; for the stolid tribes are up
There's a cry of: "Heart of England!" in the forests of
the north.
The gray wolf pack is loping—aye, the were-wolves wait
to sup
On civilization's carcass; should the Lion be driven forth.

Your King and Country call you; whatsoever is of worth
In the fabric of this living; every good and wholesome
thing;
Every mile post which attests the British march around
the Earth;
In this crisis of the ages is your Country and your King.

On Grand Trunk Ry. between
Montreal and Toronto, Can.
Tuesday, Nov. 24th, 1914.
Car Mauston.

REACHING FOR HIS GOAT.

Our vaunted civilization has shown itself to be
A thin cloak for the jungle-man—which same is you and me.
We get our ideas second hand; our ethics come by rote—
And, William Hohenzollern, we're reaching for your goat.

We've all been on peace dress parade, but have, in this
good year,
Cold storaged our hypocrisy; tore off our thin veneer,
And mobilized our armies; put our battleships afloat —
And, William Hohenzollern, we're reaching for your goat.

With half baked schemes for stopping war we've filled the
magazines,
And mouthed of: "Human Brotherhood"—whatever that
phrase means.
But all has been for increase of the guinea, or the groat—
And, William Hohenzollern, we're reaching for your goat.

This breeding and maturing cannon food, we find to be
As near divine as doing like for mine or factory—
The hum of peace is kin to growls from out the war dog's
throat—
And, William Hohenzollern, we're reaching for your goat.

Not only reaching for it, but we'll get it, for 'tis in
The scheme of life that blood must pay the penalty for sin.
If Darwin errs not Prussians descended through the stoat—
And, William Hohenzollern, we're reaching for your goat.
Kansas City, Mo.
January 28, 1915.

LUSITANIA.

Up from the depths, on the Last Great Day,
Will come, with a challenge, a vast array;
A nation must answer—what will it say
Lusitania?

More than a thousand, sea raped of life
By the jackal ideal that kindled the strife—
Innocent babe, and mother, and wife,
Lusitania!

Veneered in their huckster's ideal and till;
But their ruthlessness and their lust to kill
Proclaim them the Goth and the Vandal still,
Lusitania!

That their national soul is the soul of a lout,
Whose head is as weak as his sinews are stout,
Is proven by lives that the waves washed out,
Lusitania!

When they of their stupid effrontery are shorn;
When their pride filched vestments are from them torn;
E'en Charity, weeping, will give them scorn,
Lusitania!

Henceforth and for aye, through Eternity,
When a trade mark is wanted for "perfidy"
And her brood, the word will be, "Germany."
Lusitania!

Kansas City, Mo.
May 13, 1915.

THE CRY OF THE SOULLESS.

"Quantity! Quantity! Quantity!"—this the incessant cry;
From the market place and the altar stair;
From the mob that eddies by.
"Quantity! Quantity! Quantity!"—at history a jeer;
The sesame of the stupid tribes,
Whose gods are Fraud and Fear.

Quantity! Quantity! Quantity!"—and men have heard the
same
Wild cry, from the nether pits of hell,
Since Satan had a name.
The Shibboleth of the vulture; the urge of the jackals skulk;
The fiat law of the unkempt brains
Which measure worth by bulk.

"Quantity! Quantity! Quantity!"—massive of tool and toy;
Of pillar; of house; of fashionings;
Of instinct; of things which cloy.
Culture's beggars on horseback; crass to remote degree;
Crude, with the jungle's crudeness
And an ooze bred density.

"Quantity" of science, and "quantity" of skill;
The midnight lamp and the daylight sweat
For greater power to kill!
Crying for harder sinews—not for the old world's good,
But that they may reap and rape, with the scythe
Of a stronger cannon food!

"Efficiency of endeavor!"—the sky concealing rut
In which the grandsons of the swamps
Delight to parade and strut;
And nurse bastard ideals, as the bottle is nursed by the sot,
And as the Alieut to a daughter's bed,
So they to the couch of thought.

"Quantity! Quantity! Quantity!"—despite the eternal
scheme
The guttral tongue keeps mouthing forth
Its Alexandrian dream!
"Quantity" of empire—stern rule of the vague abstract;
The "Me undt Gott," in theory;
The "Me undt naught else" in fact.

Kansas City, Mo.
June 16th, 1915.

THE SPAWN OF THE SWAMPS.

Reason enough, when the earth was young, for the swamp
and its ooze born brood;
When the acts of men from the outside sprung and their
thought was crass and crude;
But the reason fails with the inside urge and the wider and
widening sky,
And the swamp must vanish; its ooze-born scourge must,
as it passes, die.

The sensual spawn of the Baltic bogs,
Whose ethnological name
Is shrouded as much in mystery as the swamps from whence
they came;
Have cried, in Chauvanistic glee, their slogan of the fen;
Their thrice presumptuous blasphemy
That they should rank as men.

Without the outer eye of the brute
Or the inner eye of men;
With everything above the ooze beyond their stolid ken;
Sans even the shadow of an ideal, from mists miasmal
wring;
With urge of life as dense and coarse
As the croak of their guttural tongue.

They have fed their greed, with assassin hands,
In forums where law was lame;

For e'en the clink of a copper coin they have sown and
reaped with Shame
And nursed their otter's morals in the lap of a Lascar brain;
And measured life, in a maudlin way,
By physical pleasure and pain.

The world has borne with them and their lack,
Much as the Cave-man bore,
In his half-blood penitential way, with the vermin that vexed
him sore.
And the Cave-man died, ere he had learned that which the
stars attest,
That the reason for vermin life must die
At the birth of a reason for rest.

Reason enough, when the earth was young, for the swamp
and its ooze born brood;
When the acts of men from the outside sprung and their
thought was crass and crude;
But the reason fails with the inside urge and the wider and
widening sky,
And the swamp must vanish; its ooze-born scourge must,
as it passes, die.

Big Four Train,
St. Louis, Mo., to Indianapolis, Ind.
June 16, 1915.

LABOR LOST.

Teach them honor?—the suggestion is a staring idocy;
When applied to any people who are sans capacity
And impervious to instruction and, in stolid density,
Willing to wear chains and shackles—if some Kaiser so
decree.

Teach them tenderness and pity?—first convince us that
you can
Teach the gray wolf, mad with hunger, to walk upright
like a man;
Recognizing right and reason; bowing to the humane plan
Which holds greed impelled marauding underneath a flex-
less ban.

Teach what strong men know by instinct?—just as well
might you essay,

By intent, to broaden out the narrowed foreheads of
Cathay!
Or attempt a debt to Satan by abandoned slag dumps pay;
Or, with printed page and precept, lure the tiger from his
prey.

Teach them perfidy so shameless that 'twould lift the dastard
souls,
For this crime sent to Perdition, to a place on Heaven's
rolls?
This were bringing caste to India; this to Newcastle were
coals;
Fish fin lustre to the diamond; evening shadows unto moles.

Kansas City, Mo.
June 26th, 1915.

STRAFEOPHOBIA.

(The school children of Germany are being taught to
say: "Gott strafe England!"—Press Item.)

"Gott strafe England!" Why just England? Why not go
down the line
And "strafe" every tribe and nation—save the stupid o'er
the Rhine?
And their megalomaniac master; drunken with the thought
that he
Owns the earth and has as vassal earth's Creator, Deity!

"Gott strafe" the perfume of flowers; aye, "Gott strafe"
the zephyr's breath;
"Gott strafe" all that men have fashioned, save the instru-
ments of death
And the things that give these greater power, more
effectiveness.
In their holocaust of murder, gendering a world-distress.

"Gott strafe" every code of honor which the ages have
evolved!
"Gott strafe" every present problem which cannot by arms
be solved!
"Gott strafe" all the Covenant nations which think "scraps
of paper" count—
"Jah, Gott strafe der ten commandments undt der Sermon
on der Mount!"

"Gott strafe" mothers, young or aged, mothers evil, mothers good,
Who dare think conceiving, bearing, nursing, nurturing,
cannon-food
Is not woman's highest privilege—"Gott strafe" all fathers
who
Will not furnish flesh of sons to make a "Kaiser Wilhelm
Stew."

"Gott strafe" all the ages progress, by all other nations
prized!
"Gott strafe" every land and people who will not be
Prussianized!
"Gott strafe" Mercy—"Gott strafe" Pity; 'till they fester
sore and rot—
"Undt uf Gott dondt do our biddings, den may Gott strafe
Gott."

Field's, Kansas City, Mo.
July 9th, 1915.

EVEN SATAN—

The Germ-Hun proffered a stately ship;
But his Satanic Majesty curled his lip.
"I give the men a chance," he said—
And the Germ-Hun never dropped his head
For he did not understand!

"Vy dond't you dake it?" the Germ-Hun inquired,
And the Devil countered, visibly fired:
"I give the women a chance, do you?"
And the Germ-Hun, stupidly, closer drew,
For he did not understand!

"It's der Lusitania," the Germ-Hun said;
But the Devil, by this time, was seeing red—
"I give the babies—Oh, you compel
The establishment of a rival hell!"
And the Germ-Hun understood!

Kansas City, Mo.
July 11, 1915.

THE ABDICATION OF SATAN.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen, you are convened
On matter weighty. Here to look upon
The most colossal failure of all time.
And, in familiar words but new coined phrase,
Be told what made that failure absolute.

"I pray you be not swift to entertain
That half-wit brother of Despair and Doubt
By questioning: 'Is it I?' or yet lend wings
Unto Conjecture, sexless child of Fear,
By wondering: 'Is it he—or he—or he?'"

"Be patient with me as I now review
The past; to of the present make you ware."

"Well have you served me, and I render thanks
For all that service, and 'tis in my heart
To spare you by deceiving; but some dim,
Faint stain of honor still is on my soul;
This same has ever kept me back from that
Which, had I followed and o'erta'en, would have
Spared me the sorrow of this present hour."

"My Lords, you each were with me at that hour
When, balked of my ambition to be first
Among the good, I chose to be Premier
Of evil. Chose that precarious greatness which
Rests on applause of others, or their fear."

"My Lords, you followed me; not fate compelled
Nor willy-nilly led. You had your chance
To follow or remain. You chose to join .
Your fortunes unto mine, for which free act
You have my gratitude. Let it be known
That, though I strove for evil's eminence,
I did my striving as a gentleman;
And that the sole mark of a gentleman
Is recognition of a benefit;
Real or intangible—it matters not."

"My Gentlemen; from out all walks of life,
Terrestrial, you have come and if you have
Regrets, the justice which remains in you
(As lurks the stains of honor on my soul)
Will give me quittance; as to unfair play.
You likewise had your chance. 'Twas you who chose
Not I, and you will testify I ne'er
Was guilty of campaigning underseas!"

"My Lords, and Gentlemen, look on your leige,
And let me have one last salute from you
Before I lay aside my iron crown
To wander hence—before my name becomes

A synonym for failure; which proves that
Contact with Honor; e'en some primer tale
Of Honor; renders him who suffers it
Incapable of reaching premiership
In ruthless evil and iniquity.

"I might have scaped this hour had I sojourned
More in the Baltic bogs—not given o'er
Their surveillance to a lieutenant; who
Could not see menace to his Master's realm
In exaltation of stupidity.
A sad lieutenant; one who failed to sense
That speech of fiber is indicative!
And stolidness, if touched by Ego's wand,
That which would speed to such excess as would
Make me half human—cause my centuries
Of despite to seem blessings, and thereby
Tear Fear's old cloaking from my dreaded name;
Give me compassion; show me less the Fiend
Than some who, down among the Baltic bogs,
Through some mischance of nature, filched the form
Of man; but failed to loot the treasury
Of attributes. And therefore nature filled
The vacuum with a crass stupidity
And power of fatuity beyond
The marking of degrees. This led them to
Exalt that abstract thing, the State, above
The State's creator, and by doing this
Make Hell less to be feared—preferable."

"Whereas upon abstract abstraction rests
The Prussian ideal, which, logically,
Must murder nations, as in Belgium's case;
(Despite a solemn pledge of guardianship)
Hide schooled assassins in the sea and send
Men, women, children, to their death without
Such chance as ever I accorded them;
It follows I have been, and am in fact,
A tyro in iniquity. Therefore
My crown is bootless burden on my brow."

"Let it be said of me, that never have
I levied tribute on a helpless foe
Who fought but in defense. Had one of you,
Or all, brought hither man or woman shade,
Without plain profert of chance to escape,
Or brought a soul of mother, or of babe,
(E'en though you plead a thousand chances given)
I should have burned you into nothingness!"

"Yet, chanceless, Prussia's schooled assassins tear
Men, women, children, ruthlessly from life!
And while they do it shame humanity
By claiming kinship and, thereby, that they
Remission and forgiveness may obtain!
If so then Hell may yet redeem herself
And rank a sister State to Paradise—
Hell's dread and desperate denizens yet hear
The psalms of Heaven, from inside its walls!"

"My Lords, and Gentlemen, I take my crown
And cast it on the slag; for that I am
No longer paramount in fiendishness!
My trident scepter after it I throw
And as they ring a metal's sharp farewell
Unto their Master, I disown them both
And of Hell abdicate sovereignty!"

"Each for himself! Hell is disrupted! I
An exile and the scepter passes to
The Prussian—drunken with stupidity!"

Kansas City, Mo.
July 13, 1915.

THERE'S A REASON.

Had they a brain proportionate to their large and lucious
gall;
There would be some sense to their jester's cry of: "Ger-
many Over All."
Had they their fatuity catalogued—or even card indexed—
There would be less reason for the world to be so sore
perplexed.

Had they less the soul of the Jungle-man and the dispo-
sition of hogs;
There would be some safety in letting them dwell outside
the Baltic bogs.
If they were less a culture tube for marauding germ of
the Hun;
There would be less call for the rest of the world to
carry a gatling gun!

But had they never have been at all the world would never
have known

Of the extreme end of the limit which lies, far out, in the
twilight zone
Of super-abundant cussedness; and murder for greed; and
rapine
Of the wolfish sort; which has its rise in a genius for being
mean.

Kansas City, Mo.
July 16, 1915.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

There is no cant, no foolishness, in "Hands Across the Sea;"
Proven by an unsentryed, fortless, far-flung boundary
Twixt Britain's daughter's domain and our own democracy—
Our State; which were not possible had Britain failed to be.

The "Rights of Man" for which we stand; for which we
sweat and toil;
Where'er their fronds may rise their roots are deep in
British soil.
Bearing the sword of Liberty we're mindful of its foil—
Behind the urge accomplished lies the first anointing oil.

Hence, there is more than empty phrase in, "Hands Across
the Sea."
It rests on law immutable—law of affinity.
And, until Nature's order change, law of heredity,
Transmitting an Ideal, will keep our "Hands Across the
Sea."

Kansas City, Mo.
July 17, 1915.



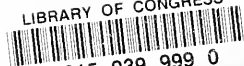
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